

this, they are great heroes without being great *men*. They appear to you only as tremendous fighting and destroying animals; a kind of human mammoths. The prowess of personal conflict is all they can understand and admire, and in their warfare their minds never reach to any of the sub-limer views and results even of war; their chief and final object seems to be the mere savage glory of fighting, and the annihilation of their enemies. When the heroes of Lucan, both the depraved and the nobler class, are employed in war, it seems but a small part of what they can do, and what they intend; they have always something further and greater in view than to evince their valour, or to riot in the vengeance of victory. Ambition as exhibited in Pompey and Caesar seems almost to become a grand passion, when compared to the contracted and ferocious aim of Homer's chiefs; while this passion, even thus elevated, serves to exalt by comparison the far different and nobler sentiments and objects of Cato and Brutus. The contempt of death, which in the heroes of the Iliad often seems like an incapacity or an oblivion of thought, is in Lucan's favourite characters the result, or at least the associate, of high philosophic spirit; and this strongly contrasts their courage with that of Homer's warriors, which is, (according indeed to his own frequent similes,) the reckless daring of wild beasts. Lucan sublimates martial into mortal grandeur. Even if you could deduct from his great men all that which forms the specific martial display of the hero, you would find their greatness little diminished; they would still retain their commanding and interesting aspect. The better class of them, amidst war itself, hate and deplore the spirit and destructive exploits of war. They are indignant at the vices of mankind for compelling *their virtue* into a career in which such sanguinary glories can be acquired. And while they deem it their duty to exert their courage in conflict for a just cause, they regard camps and battles as vulgar things, from which their thoughts often turn away into a train of solemn and presaging reflections, in which they approach sometimes the most elevated sublimity. You have a more absolute impression of grandeur from a speech of Cato, than from all the mighty exploits that epic poetry ever blazoned. The eloquence of Lucan's moral heroes does not consist in images of triumphs and conquests, but